

TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

Keep Your Eye on Taney—She's All Right! Her Skies are Clear and Full of Cheer, and all her Prospects Bright.

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TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN
BY W. H. AND R. B. PRICE.

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can suit you. I place my own teams at

the disposal of homeseekers, and show

farms, without livery charges, to pur-

chasers. Correspondence solicited.

C. C. Blansit, Walnut Shade, Taney Co. Mo.

Soldier Balks Death Plot.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil

war veteran, of Kemp, Tex., that a

plot existed between a desperate lung

trouble and the grave to cause his

death. "I contracted a stubborn

cough that stuck to me, in spite of all

remedies, for years. My weight ran

down to 130 pounds. Then I began

to use Dr. King's New Discovery,

which restored my health completely.

I now weigh 178 pounds." For severe

colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages,

asthma, and to prevent pneumonia it's

unrivaled, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bot-

tle free. Guaranteed by O. C. Hus-

ton.

It is all right to do as you please

when you please to do right.

The Whip

By Rosser W. Cobbe.

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I met Mons. LeBlanc as a brother performer. How I came to be on the Empire circuit as a member of the Juggling Gormans does not matter; this is monsieur's story, not mine. Among the rough, uncouth, swaggering troupe of vaudeville "artists," probably I alone, besides monsieur himself, was guilty of having any kind of an education and possessed of the finer sensibilities. At first glance monsieur was not one whom you would care to know intimately, but as our acquaintance ripened, I found that the great-shouldered Frenchman only assumed the sullen, baleful, morose countenance to hide some inner anguish or remembrance from the prying eyes of the world. Our affection for each other became so great that soon we were almost constantly together, and among the other members of the company were known to the "Frog-Eater and the Trick Thump," a reference to my size that bothered me not a little, although monsieur's comment on the nickname was of only confined to smothered snorts of contempt: "Poch! Poch! Canaille!"

Monsieur, you must understand, was not connected with our troupe. We were only on the road together as long as our "act" and his were "booked" at the same houses. We were playing Omaha for a week, and on Wednesday night, when we had finished (we closed the show) I found my friend waiting for me in the dress room.

"Hurry, mon cherie," he said, smiling. "It is that I should have a long conversation with you in the cafe. This is our last week together. I go next week to 'Frisco—you to Chicago.' 'No! Is that right?' I asked, sneering my face with a titter, preparing that I might easily remove the grease paint. 'I'm awfully sorry. I'll miss you greatly, old man.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and I miss you. Your companion has me at his

rings coiled suggestively, while the great ball of diamonds, attached to its end, sparkled and glittered wickedly, reminding me of the bright, baleful gleam in the eye of the snake about to strike.

"Probably you have discerned that I do not belong to the life with which I am now associated, the same as I can see that you do not belong. In my country we—but that does not matter—how do you say it? 'Circumstances alter cases'—is it not? So!"

He smoked reflectively for a time, and I sat silently watching, sipping my stein of beer slowly.

"I met Creteau—for so I shall call him—at my club, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between us. In one way and another we were thrown much in each other's company, and when Creteau invited me to his home to meet his wife and boys I readily accepted.

"And, ah! his wife! No lovelier woman has lived. When we first met she was gracious and courteous, but, I thought, rather cool towards the most intimate friend of her husband. 'Lucky fellow,' I told Creteau. 'You have indeed a prize,' and he, in his happy-go-lucky way, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Thereafter, on any occasion that offered, I was to be found at Creteau's home, always with some toy or a bit of bonbons for the boys—bright little fellows of five and seven years—and occasionally with the latest novel or a few magazines for Madame. And she—while Creteau was about, the coldness of our first meeting was still assumed, while when alone with me she showed that I had won her friendship—even her affection."

Monsieur rapped sharply on the table with the diamond ball, and the polished wood showed the nicks where the sharp points had scratched. When our order had been filled, he continued:

"In various ways, as we grew to know each other better, I found out that all was not well with Mme. Creteau, and finally one evening, when we were alone, she broke down and told me all. Creteau was a beast—a brute; insanely jealous; he treated her shamefully, and my last visit had been the cause of the great blow on her fair white cheek—a bruise that made me red. And then she made me promise to do nothing—only to stay away! Oh the great and pure love of a mother! For the boys' sake she would stay with this brute—would live in constant terror and shame, that their lives might remain unscathed. It hurt me more than you may know, mon ami, to make this promise, but I saw that it was the best—the only—thing to do. Only I wished for one more meeting. The morning was to be her birthday, her twenty-seventh birthday, and I craved the boon of calling then and presenting her with a keepsake, and to never again see her. To this she very reluctantly agreed, and on the morrow I called with this bauble," he pointed to the diamond ball attached to the end of the whip, "as a gift. Twenty-seven stones there are, you see; one for each pure, fresh year of her clean young life. Surprised and delighted, she could only gasp and stare, and I, in ecstasy over her pleasure, reached suddenly forward to place the chain, to which it was attached, around her neck. And then, while in this position, Creteau entered the room. His face was livid; his eyes protruded; the veins in his temples were swelled and distorted, and his face twitched horribly. In his hand he carried a great blacksnake whip.

"So!" he screamed, "it has come to this, has it?" and before I could interfere he had brought the wicked, whirling whip squarely across his wife's tense, white face. Not a sound did she utter, but sank slowly forward, and fell, a crumpled heap upon the floor.

Monsieur carefully lighted another cigarette, but his hand trembled noticeably. When I set down my empty stein it rattled loudly on the table, but monsieur did not apparently notice it.

"It is good to be strong sometimes—is it not so, mon ami? My fingers closed tightly around Creteau's throat. Finding I could not reach him easily, I released one hand and tore his collar off. Then I held him securely. I minded not the blows which he was raining on me with ever diminishing force; I had but one object in view. Suddenly, however, the thought came to me that this wretch was dying much easier than he had the right to do, and I cast him one side to the floor, where he lay gasping and clawing at his throat.

"Quickly undoing the silken ropes from the portiere, I dragged the beast to a heavy arm-chair, and tied him securely in it, seated, facing me. Then I took the great whip and cut off just four feet of the lash, to the end of which I tied the diamond ball, taken from the chain on Madame's neck. It was then as you see it now."

The lean, sensitive fingers of monsieur began to uncurl the whip length in his hand. Then he spoke again—quietly, tensely, slowly—illustrating what he said by his actions.

"The diamond ball shot out with incredible swiftness, and cracked, stopping about two inches short of a spear of palm leaf, which he had evidently picked as his target.

"Gradually, I let the ball come closer and closer, until finally—"

He stopped short and with a sharp crack the palm leaf spear shot off as though cut with a knife. I closed my eyes and my head swam.

"And then," monsieur continued, "I started on the other eye. But it was unnecessary. When they found him the next morning he was locked in his room, with the key on the inside—transoms are very handy—a hopeless lunatic."

Monsieur eyed me curiously for a moment, and then ordered more drinks. "Madame and the boys went to Hong Kong," he said, appreciatively sipping his invariable absinthe. "From her this morning I received this dispatch. 'I am free. Come, Marie. And that is why, mon ami, I go to 'Frisco. The China Maru leaves for Hong Kong next week.'"

And with the cablegram, monsieur slipped back into his pocket the diamond-headed blacksnake whip.

Gipsy Smith.

With the flaming tongue of apostle, the fervor of crusader, the sympathy of woman, Gipsy Smith heralds to rapt hearers in St. Louis his evangel.

Under the moving appeal of his belief thousands of repenting ones have been swept to the mercy seat. Marvelous as are the exhorter's natural gifts, they alone could not uplift the hope and sway the mind did not inspiration clothe him as a garment. Grace has laid upon him her hands and devotion crowns him. He bears anew the message of old and with the voice of a prophet proclaims salvation through faith.

He utters apothegms and each might be the kernel of a hundred sermons. Reflect on this one—he was urging that children should be brought early to the fold:

A fence on the edge of a precipice is better than a hospital at its base.

He is poet, too, of infinite, fancy. Speaking from the familiar text from John upon the second birth, the evangelist said he did not know how it was accomplished. It was enough for him that it took place; it was one of the countless things He does that we do not understand. And then:

How did He reach the lips of a seraph, snatch a song, wrap it into a tiny bundle of golden feathers and give us a canary? I don't know.

How does He reach to the mud of the streets, lift therefrom a mist and in a moment hang it, a gorgeous arc in the skies, the rainbow? I don't know. But He does it.

Metaphors! His lips drip Metaphors: It came from the incipency of things, when ages were but tufts of foam on the mighty sea of time.

Jesus, who flung out planets with as much ease as you cast dew drops from your fingertips.

General Booth, who has belted this globe with a golden band of Salvations.

This manner of man towers. His message is voiced with the trumpet call of a Peter the Hermit to wrest the Sepulchre from the infidel and his invitation is held forth with that divinity of pity which would rescue the souls of a world which else is lost. Within the presence of teachers so inspired, we learn how puerile is mere rhetoric, how futile mere oratory, and that when the mouth speaketh as the heart believeth the subtleties of art are disdained.—St. Louis Times.

Hamlet

had melancholy, probably caused by an inactive liver. A bad liver makes one cross and irritable, causes mental and physical depression and may result disastrously.

Ballard's Herbine is acknowledged to be the perfect liver regulator. If you're blue and out of sorts, get a bottle today. A positive cure for bilious headache, constipation, chills and fever and all liver complaints. Sold by J. W. Owens, Proteem, Mo.

IN THE HOME NEST

Cheerful Evening Reveries for Tired Mothers

JUST TO REMEMBER BY.

Each heart has its hoard of treasures,
Safe hid from the curious eye,
Its tokens of bygone hours,
Just to remember by.

A rose from the old home garden,
A ring that the loved used to wear,
A mother's well-worn Bible,
A stress of sunny hair.

A locket, a bunch of violets,
Together the treasures lie,
Dear fragments of long-lost days,
Just to remember by.

There are yellow, time-stained letters,
All tied with ribbon blue,
A box of battered playthings,
A baby's tiny shoe.

How often in hush of twilight,
Each keepsake we view with a sigh,
Then tenderly put them back in place,
Just to remember by!

The pretty girls whose faces are
their fortunes, soon go into the
hands of receivers.

The reason why people succeed
who mind their own business is
because there is so little competi-

There is nothing more tantalizing
than to go home all primed to
scold about something, and find
company there and be obliged to
act agreeably.

BE USEFUL.

Do not be ashamed of doing the
smallest thing that is helpful to
others. The opportunities for
great usefulness come rarely, but
the smaller things are always at
hand, and he who does them constantly is of great usefulness, and
sometimes when the great opportunity comes it is only the one
who has trained himself in the
little things that have come before
who is master of the situation.
Be kind, be faithful, be true to all
who have any claim upon you.
Do not miss a chance to do a favor
to those who need your help, and
you cannot fail to become useful
men and women, and of such the
world has great need.

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes the hasty word has
been spoken, the sharp, snappish
word been carelessly uttered in
the home circle. The true wife's
heart so often bleeds at the bitter,
thoughtless, but cutting word of a
husband. When she is gone to
heaven and he "weeps o'er her
bier" he will remember it.

Sometimes the husband finds no
warm kiss of affection and sweet,
cheery words of welcome at the
door and fireside, when at night-
fall he comes home weary and
heart-heavy from toil which may
have yielded small return. O, my
friends, how bright our homes
ought to be! Kind words, loving
deeds and pure affection should
rule in them. Are the little ones
made to feel that home is the
sweetest, cheeriest, best and
brightest spot this side of glory?

FARMERS' WIVES.

We often find farmers who lose
no chance of securing machinery
for saving labor on the farm, but
who don't think anything about
the machines that save labor in
the house. That is out of their
province, and they don't seem to
care enough about it to give the
matter any attention whatever.
Such treatment is calculated to
discourage the woman. It is the
worst kind of selfishness. A woman's work on the farm is quite as
hard as a man's if the man could
only be made to realize it, but—he
won't, in many cases. He con-

sults his own interests, and lets
his wife get along the best way
she can, forgetful that her inter-
ests are identical with his own,
and should be so considered by
him. Lighten the labors of the
women all you can. Don't think
it will encourage idleness to in-
troduce articles of labor-saving
machinery in the kitchen. It never
has done so, and it never will.
Back of the machine is the woman,
and the woman on the farm will
always find enough to do.

THE WOMEN TO MARRY.

Is she not the very sparkle and
sunshine of life?—a woman who
is happy because she can't help it
—whose smile even the coldest
sprinkle of misfortune cannot
dampen. Men make a terrible
mistake when they marry for
beauty, or for talents, or for style.
The sweetest wives are those who
possess the magic secret of being
contented under any circum-
stances. Rich or poor, high or
low, it makes no difference; the
bright little fountain of joy bub-
bles up just as musically in their
hearts. Do they live in a log cabin?
The fire on its humble hearth
becomes brighter than the gilded
chandelier in an Aladdin palace.

Where is the stream, of life so
dark and unpropitious that the
sunshine of a happy face falling
on the turbid tide will not awaken
an answering gleam?

HOUSEHOLD PIETY.

Your household piety will be the
crowning attribute of your peace-
ful home—the "crown of living
stars" that shall adorn the night
of its tribulation and the pillar of
cloud and of fire in its pilgrimage
to a "better country." It shall
strew the family with the flowers
of promise and enshrine the mem-
ory of loved ones gone before all
the fragrance of that "blessed
hope" of reunion in heaven which
looms up from a dying hour. It
shall give to the infant soul its
"perfect flowering" and expand it
in all the fullness of a generous
love and a conscious blessedness,
making it "lustrous in the livery
of divine knowledge." And then
in the dark hour of home separa-
tion and bereavement, when the
question is put to thee, mourning
parents, "Is it well with thee?"
you can answer with joy, "It is
well!"

A boy will forget in a moment
when his mother rescued him from
drowning, but he will remember
all the days of his life the time his
mother made him wait until the
company had eaten.

When California and Nevada are
ready to shoulder all the consequences
of their attitude toward Japan, war in-
cluded if war should result, it will be
time enough for them to resent sug-
gestions from the government at Wash-
ington in regard to proposed discrimi-
nating legislation. Should trouble
come, however, they would not be in
the least degree bashful about accept-
ing aid from Uncle Sam, and the cost
of such trouble would fall upon the
people of the whole country, regard-
less of state lines and state govern-
ments. Our western sister states would
do well to study the beauty of con-
sistency.

Baby Hands

will get into mischief—often it means
a burn or cut or scald. Apply Bal-
lard's Snow Liniment just as soon as
the accident happens, and the pain
will be relieved while the wound will
heal quickly and nicely. A sure cure
for sprains, rheumatism and all pains.
Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.
Sold by J. W. Owens, Proteem, Mo.